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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor.

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Next Tuesday's Primary

By W. M. R.

MISSOURI'S state-wide primary will be held next Tuesday. St. Louis' primaries are held the same day. There is a pest of candidacies, more men to choose among than any citizen with other things to do can possibly be adequately informed about. Public interest centers on a few men and a few offices. Organizations of practical politicians have taken up the causes of some men for some offices; for the rest it is a free-for-all. The candidates who have organizations stand the best chance to win. Organization and canvassing and printing and traveling cost money. The primary is not a poor man's game. All the candidates denounce the primary and most of the voters say it is a nuisance.

❖

For more than a year I have been advocating the nomination of Col. Fred D. Gardner for Governor by the Democrats. He is the best-equipped man in the lists for the nomination. He has two chief ideas in his canvass. One is a land-bank to loan the farmer money at low rates on long time to buy or improve his farm. The National Government embodies that idea in its rural credits law. A state land-bank will not conflict with that law, any more than the state banking laws conflict with the Federal banking law. Mr. Gardner's other idea is that the state shall have a business rather than a political administration. He is a business man, a very successful one. He belongs to no political machine. He is opposed to all the practices that have brought the present state administration into disfavor—nepotism in office, juggling of state funds, incompetent management of the penitentiary, paralysis of the school system and the State University. He promises to change all that, to run the state's business as he runs his own business. Furthermore, he says flatly that he opposes prohibition by statutory enactment without submission of the proposition to the people. Col. Gardner has been the object of concentrated attack by the friends of prohibition and the friends of the officials whose conduct of state affairs has been a scandal and a disgrace. He has been viciously maligned and slandered, and his wife has been made ill and practically forced to leave the city for a time by anonymous letters and telephone messages about her husband's political and personal affairs. Col. Gardner has campaigned like the gentleman he is, has abused no one, has stuck to his knitting, presented the cause of good government and the emancipation of the small farmer from servitude to the loan sharks. In every way he outclasses his rivals for the governorship. He has deserved the nomination by his proposals of reform and for popular service and I believe he will succeed.

❖

Another candidacy in which I am interested is that of Mr. Nathan Frank for the Republican nomination for United States Senator. No need that I should specifically disparage his competitors. Mr. Frank is an eminent lawyer, a business lawyer, but not a corporation lawyer. His practice in the courts from the Supreme Court of the United States down, is proof of his ability and of the world's estimate thereof. During two terms in Congress he demonstrated the qualities of a statesman by his speeches, firm in substance and fine in form, and by his votes, loyal to his party, of course, but not mere parrotings prompted by the party lash.

For years he controlled the policies of the paper that is now the St. Louis *Star*, and those policies were broadly liberal in every aspect. He did not grind an organ: his paper was not a part of a machine. Mr. Frank as lawyer, as Congressman, as newspaper proprietor and in various capacities in civic organizations has done something for this city and state. His intellectual qualifications would enable him to render still more service in the Senate, and his gifts of accommodation supplementing his mental power would make him an outstanding figure in that body. This city has not had a United States Senator for an age, nor has this section of the state. Mr. Frank would be an ideal man to break the rule. I am for the re-election of Mr. James A. Reed to the Senate, but I believe that Mr. Nathan Frank is the only man who would be a worthy antagonist on the hustings of the present junior Senator from Missouri. In the event of Mr. Frank's election, Missouri would have a big man in the Senate, even if he were a Republican, Mr. Frank is the man to be approved on broad general grounds because he has no clique or crowd of party hacks backing him. His appeal is to, and there has come a hearty support from, the thinking, the constructive, the characterful elements of his party. I believe there is no harm in a Democrat's wishing to see the best men in the opposition party nominated against the best men in the Democratic party. Therefore, I hope Mr. Frank will get for the Republican nomination for United States Senator the votes of such members of his party as may read this paper. Mr. Nathan Frank is of Senatorial size, neither a demagogue nor a fossil, and in the Senate his mind would be on bigger things than the distribution of patronage and pork.

❖

Supreme Justice Woodson should receive the votes of intelligent and honest Democrats for the nomination to succeed himself, and Mr. Glendy B. Arnold should be nominated for the short term. No member of the present state administration should be nominated or renominated for anything.

So far as concerns the candidates for circuit judgeships in St. Louis, I have nothing to say against the selections made for those offices by the St. Louis Bar Association. Among the candidates on both tickets whom I personally know, regardless of their politics, there is no doubt that Mr. Franklin Ferris would be an excellent choice. He has been a circuit judge before and he has been a member of the State Supreme Court. Mr. Hickman P. Rogers, Mr. Everett Paul Griffin, Mr. Leo S. Rassieur, Mr. James E. Withrow, Mr. Wilson A. Taylor, Mr. Joseph Wheless, Mr. William A. Zachritz and Mr. Vital W. Garesche are men I know, and can honestly approve of. This is not to say anything against the men I do not know.

❖

On the city ticket proper I think good citizenship calls for renomination of Mr. James P. Newell for Public Administrator. He has conducted the office decently. There has been no "body-snatching" under his management. He has administered affairs expeditiously, economically and with seemliness. Dr. Dan F. Hochdorfer should be nominated for Coroner and John L. Duffy for Sheriff.

❖

These pickings for the minor offices are personal selections. I choose the men I know. There's no other way to choose. But no man can know all the candidates for the nominations. Everybody must vote for the most part blindly among such a small army of aspirants. The newspapers tell us little

about them. The party organs do not take sides as between candidates. The *Post-Dispatch* has selected a few shining marks for political death. The *Post-Dispatch* is not infallible, but at least it does attempt to furnish the people some basis for intelligent estimate of candidates. The primary won't work for good nominations without newspaper guidance of the public as between candidates, and newspapers won't do much exposition of unfit candidates so long as the law of libel remains what it is. But we don't want newspaper bossism either. In the primary, broadly speaking, the man with money, with a pull among the practical politicians, with a strong combination of special interests behind him has a tremendous advantage over a man who is nothing but worthy and capable. The exceptions confirm the rule. Over and above all is the evil fact that the voters whose business is not politics do not turn out at primaries.

♦♦♦

Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

The Child Labor Bill

PRESIDENT WILSON, in one of his early books, condemned National legislation on child labor, just as he did the initiative and referendum. As Governor of New Jersey he saw a light and swung around to the support of both. Now it is said he won't press the child labor bill to passage if the Southern Democrats in Congress can prevent its endorsement in caucus. If this be true, it will cost him many votes in the election, for it will be a surrender to the ultra South's contention that nothing shall be done for the poor whites in that section because anything done for them must help the negro. Advanced Northern Democrats will resent such surrender and it will drive Progressives to the support of Hughes. It will alienate organized labor, too. The worst thing the President can do is "lay down on" child labor legislation. How he can do it as "a forward looking man" is inconceivable.

♦♦

The Danish West Indies

WE are said to be getting ready to pay Denmark \$25,000,000 for her possessions in the West Indies. Well, that's a good way to keep large European Powers out of affairs on this hemisphere, and it may be necessary in order to guard the Panama Canal. But it is anomalous to let the inhabitants of the islands retain their Danish citizenship under our rule. Moreover, we should go slow about yielding what rights we may have in Greenland. They don't look like much now, but neither did the island of Helgoland look like much when Lord Salisbury ceded it to Germany for some territory in South Africa.

♦♦

The Happy Poet

Or James Whitcomb Riley it may be said that he was both a good poet and a fortunate poet. He lacked nothing of recognition during his life. His songs were on the lips and in the hearts of the people and his work yielded him a comfortable fortune. He sang the old, fundamental, primal things, love, childhood, the joys of memory, the sorrows of the simple folk and their happiness. Of the great urge and struggle of the world, of human society, his verse contains no trace. What we call the *Zeitgeist* was as if it did not exist for him. There was no revolt in him and in this he is unlike the man to whom he is oftenest compared—Burns. He was a singer as distinct from a thinker but within his range he was a felicitous metrical artist. He found surely the feelings of the common folk, because he loved them. World-spirits and Time-spirits come and go but the simple joys and woes of life remain the same no matter how

the great issues clash—they change not while the shrill generations and the plangent wars go by. And Riley's song will live when all our present uplift and uproar are forgot. There are greater poets possibly than he, certainly no truer ones.

♦♦

National Woman Suffrage

MR. HUGHES is a nationalist. Therefore it is possible he may take a nationalist view of the suffrage question and favor Congressional action to submit an amendment to the constitution giving women the vote. If he should do this in his acceptance and Mr. Wilson should still stand by the proposition that the woman suffrage initiative must come from the respective states, the declaration might draw to Mr. Hughes the greater number of the 4,000,000 women's votes in the suffrage states. Those suffrage states are going to count in the electoral college this year. It is not improbable that Mr. Hughes will favor national action on woman suffrage, even though the platform of his party leaves suffrage to the states. If he does he may force Mr. Wilson to a like departure from the Democratic declaration on the subject. Suffrage may be a bigger issue in the campaign than was at first thought probable.

♦♦

Pampering Progressives

DISAPPOINTING is the only word descriptive of the foretold flocking of the Progressives to the support of Wilson. They simply do not flock that way. And why should they? They were, or are, mostly men who intensely admired Col. Roosevelt. There is nothing in common between Wilson and Roosevelt. Others were or are politicians who thought that they could get into political power on the strength of Col. Roosevelt's popularity. These others stay with the Republican regulars. They can't see anything for them in Wilson's success. They have a chance with Mr. Hughes. Moreover, Mr. Hughes is seeing to it that the chance shall be a good one. More than one-third of the seventeen members of his campaign committee are Progressives, while from the remainder of the membership the representatives of the Old Guard are excluded to a painful extent. Evidently during the present period of his quiescence, Mr. Hughes is devoting himself to the work of getting more and more Progressives into line. Their leaders are dropping in on him for friendly visits and bearing to the boys back home assurances that in the event of success, there will be a due proportion of veal for the prodigal sons. What the Democrats are doing to win over the Progressives does not appear, except, of course, Mr. Wilson's oratorical appeals to them for support on the ground of the Democracy's furtherance of many Progressive policies in social legislation.

♦♦

The Pros That Will Win

SPORADIC outbreaks of denunciation of German-Americanism do not attract the attention they once did. For myself, I remember how the Irish-Americans were once supposed to be lined up unanimously for James Gillespie Blaine for President, on the theory that he was going to lick England thirty days after his election. But the Irish-Americans did not line up worth a cent, though Patrick Ford thundered in the *Irish World*. A batch of leaders were trying to deliver the Irish vote for their own political profit, just as certain leaders are now trying to deliver the German vote. I recall that the Labor leaders some years ago set out to swing the Labor vote against certain Congressmen then up for election, and I don't recall that they defeated even

one of the candidates they had marked for destruction. That some, even a great many, persons will vote in the Presidential election, determined by their racial sympathies, is not to be doubted, but those sympathies cannot be eliminated. Many persons are still voting for President because of Northern or Southern sympathy with issues of fifty years ago, having no relation to the issues of to-day. Thousands of Roman Catholics voted for Taft for President because he dealt fairly, as they thought, with the Church on the matter of the friars' lands in the Philippines. I doubt not many Baptists will vote for Mr. Hughes because he is a member of their church. But all Irish-Americans didn't vote for Blaine, all Roman Catholics for Taft. All Baptists will not vote for Hughes and very few Protestants will vote against candidates of the Roman Catholic faith though there exists a secret organization to promote that kind of voting. American common sense is against all such forms of political activity, though shrimp politicians are always trying to foster it. We need not fear it. And I don't think it's worth even the attention of the advocates of proportional representation. Suppose proportional representation for German-Americans, Irish-Americans, anti-Catholics, and all the rest of such divisions to be in operation. It is absurd. Ninety-five out of every hundred voters will vote on some theory of what they conceive to be the proper application of Americanism to governmental affairs. So far as concerns the vote of the German-Americans, it is just as well to bear in mind that there are pro-Ally people who denounce Wilson for fear of Germany, just as fiercely as some German-Americans denounce him for subserviency to Great Britain. Indeed, pro-Ally hatred of Wilson in the East is as virulent as pro-German hatred of him in the Middle West. There are more pro-Americans than both pro-Ally and pro-German voters. They will decide the election next November.

♦♦

About Soldiers' Dependents

READING the appeals of committees here and elsewhere—to which I hope there will be immediate and generous response—for funds to pay the rent, the drug and grocery bills and other expenses of the families of men in our army on the Western border, I am moved to wonder whose country it is those army men are ready to fight and die for? How much of this country do they own? How much of its wealth, which they have helped to produce, do they possess? What interest of their own do they stand ready to protect? Moreover, what are the men who "marched for preparedness" doing to keep these soldiers' families? They don't seem to be "coming across" to any great extent. The pay the government gives the soldier cannot keep a family going, and I don't think that the thought that his family is to be evicted or its credit cut off at the butcher's and grocer's is calculated to make a very good soldier. The public should take care of the soldiers' families, but that is almost like accepting alms. Our men who are called to fight should be paid enough to keep their attention on fighting and to prevent their worrying over the fact that the wife and babies left behind, deprived of the support of the head of the house, may be thrown on the streets or made to go hungry. The best preparedness we can get would be to give every man a real stake in the country, something for him to fight for other than an abstraction. Pull the worker away from the starvation margin and don't ask him to fight the enemy abroad and poverty at home at the same time—fighting the latter with his hands tied. The ideal of prepared-

ness is that every man shall have a job at good pay, and that the men who have nothing shall not be made to do the fighting for the men who have everything. Why should our fighters, so many of them, be paupers? And what kind of a government is it that calls men to the field and leaves the care of those dependent upon the answerers, to the exertions of begging committees in all the big cities. A man should do something for his country—true. But the country shall do something for its men. What does this country do for the men who are not a month ahead of eviction and stoppage of all credit? Those men are not loafers, but workers. Do they get the value of their work? Evidently not. Someone else gets it. The country gives it to those someones, or permits them to take it. And those someones are not at the front. They are at home collecting their rents. It's mighty hard to be patriotic when one sees how little so many people called to fight have to be patriotic about. This isn't putting patriotism on a belly basis either. It is simply calling attention to the fact that the things the country has to give to its people are not given to those who are to do the fighting, but are engrossed by those who have found a way to take from the worker the proceeds of his toil. The ill-paid soldier, with a hungry family, is despoiled by those who largely neither work nor fight, but sit at receipt of usury in a thousand seats of the mighty, chief of which seats is that of the landlord. Help keep the soldiers' families, of course. But don't think that the country's defenders are getting from their country what they deserve, whether working or fighting. Remember there would probably be no soldiers fighting in any army if the workers in all countries were getting their full share of the wealth they produce.

♦♦

To Keep Down Ocean Freights

HON. WILLIAM M. HUGHES, Prime Minister of Australia, and just now the popular idol in England, dividing honors even with Lloyd-George, in order to relieve the Australian shipping problem, has bought fifteen cargo steamers to carry wheat to Europe. The fifteen ships will sail as "The Commonwealth Government Line." "They will not affect shipowners in the Australian trade," says Mr. Hughes. "There is ample room for all. But the Australian Government Line, so far as its tonnage capacity goes, will guarantee Australian producers at reasonable freights." It is hoped that with fair allotment of other British tonnage the producers of Australia will be able to place their goods on the home markets. Mr. Hughes adds: "It is well known that Australia is, and has been, selling many of her goods—for example, lead—to Britain at prices considerably lower than the market rates, and it is to the interest of Britain both during the war and in normal times that the Australian producer shall be able to obtain freight at reasonable rates." All of which puts a terrific crimp in the arguments in this country against the Administration's shipping bill. This country should do something to keep down shipping rates that soar so high they act as a restriction upon commerce. The argument of Premier Hughes in behalf of the Australian producer is good for the American producer. The shipping bill has been terribly mangled in Congress. Every conceivable obstacle has been placed in the way of getting a Government line into operation, but there is probably enough left of its original purpose to enable the country to make a start on a government line. The Shipping Trust should not be permitted to prevent the relief of the American people from the Shipping Trust's exactions.

What I've Been Reading

By W. M. R.

FOURTH ARTICLE.

AGILITY of mind is the chief characteristic of George Bernard Shaw. He thinks all around, over and under a subject. And he makes reality so fantastic. For Shaw is a realist, with just that trick of making his realism appear to be just its opposite. He gives common sense a strange twist. Doubtless most people think his play, "Androcles and the Lion," a satire. It is not. There must have been just such people as he stages for us, among those early Christian martyrs—people a bit false and with their religion all mixed up with a lot of other things unreligious. Undoubtedly there were such farcical episodes attendant upon the persecutions as described when the lion refuses to attack *Androcles* and scares the Emperor and the court. I've seen some high old times at executions—singing and bowsing of the crowd standing the death watch. Those old Romans must surely have thought the early Christians a rum lot. To-day most of us look on the votaries of some new cult as a lot of "bugs." "Androcles and the Lion" is fair fun, even if irreverent towards sacred traditions. Shaw's preface to the play in the book in which it appears with "Overruled" and "Pygmalion" (Brentanos, New York), is a plea that we give Christianity a trial. He rewrites the Four Gospels for us in "Shavianese," shows how Matthew, Mark, Luke and John do not agree. He makes up for himself his own Jesus, taking a little from each evangelist. He says Jesus was sane until he accepted a suggestion that he was the son of God. The doctrine of salvation, through self-denial, is an excrescence. St. Paul spoiled the pure doctrine of the Saviour, transmogrified it into silly Salvationism. It is the long-familiar Socialistic conception of Jesus that Shaw gives us. He wants us to try that doctrine. Nothing new in that. The same thought moved Thomas Jefferson when he edited the Gospels by cutting out all the miracles. Rousseau said the world would have been forever at Jesus' feet but for the miracles. Shaw's preface is 127 pages long, not a dull one among them, but the sum of them all is that Jesus was—another Shaw. So we have by implication a Jesus that would mitigate marriage by providing for the economic independence of women, and would mitigate most other things by equality of income for everybody. This is all very brilliant—in spots. As a whole, though, this preface, like so many other Shavian prefaces, is chiefly remarkable for its rush and gush of words. You come out of it as one who has been almost overwhelmed by an inundation—or as the survivor of an epigram 36,000 words long. And the net result of it is that we should adhere to the secular teachings of Jesus and let pass all those things which Jesus is said to have said when "He lost His head" over the suggestion of divinity. In addition to his prefices, nowadays, Shaw adds a postscript to his plays. The postscript to "Androcles and the Lion" is a sort of apology for the persecution of the Christians in Rome. Edward Gibbon does it better in the XXVth and XXVIth chapters of "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." For "Overruled" Shaw has written a preface on monogamy and the sex question generally. "Overruled" is a farcical comedy and a fine one. The essence of its argument is that a woman may like to be loved and admired by a man or men other than her husband, without being utterly immoral. So a man may like to philander with a woman other than his wife. And both might philander without any harm if it were not for the conventions and inhibitions of society, law and custom. Mr. Shaw says in his preface that "no necessary and inevitable operation of human nature can reasonably be regarded as sinful at all" and "a morality which assumes the contrary is an absurd morality and can be kept in countenance only by hypocrisy." "Overruled" is written to show that "only the most insignificant fraction of gallantries

of married people produce any of the conventional results, and plays occupied wholly with the conventional results are therefore utterly unsatisfying as sex-plays, however interesting they may be as plays of intrigue or plot puzzles." Most of us have seen Mrs. Patrick Campbell in "Pygmalion"—a delightful play; Shaw at his best. Reading the play is a pleasure enhanced by one's memories of Mrs. Pat as *Liza*. You know, *Liza* almost became a Duchess through mastery of correct English speech and failed only because under stress of emotion she reverted to the slum expletive "Bloody." Mr. Shaw's preface to "Pygmalion" is a little essay on phonetics, upon the importance of correct speech. Incidentally he adventures upon a disquisition on shorthand. Like Woodrow Wilson, he writes Pitman. Shaw's views upon the salutary efficacy of good speech upon character, through manners, must delight the soul of Prof. John M. Clapp, of Lake Forest College, who has started an important movement for speech culture, voice and hygiene of the vocal tract. Shaw has a postscript to "Pygmalion" in which he tells us whom *Liza* married. She married the young man who is seen in the first act of the play going for a cab for the two ladies caught in the rain. And she supports *Freddy* and is rather mean to *Higgins*, the phonetist, who "made" her—as is perhaps the inevitable way in which a Galatea must treat a Pygmalion.

Shaw, with his prefices and his postscripts, seems to be a fellow who has two great difficulties. He can't get started on a thing and he can't let go of it. Everything suggests something else to him—as it did to Macaulay. His passion for explaining himself is an obsession. And he explains everything by himself and himself by everything. He has keenly observed people in general and in particular and he thinks they are pretty much of a sort. The net result of his philosophy, as I get it, is that everybody is all right in every way but for their surrender to conformity, to public opinion. Common sense seems to be against most of the conventions but bows to them because it is too lazy to kick. And so government and society and economics and morality are, as we know them, elaborate shams, without sanction in truth. And G. B. S. is so cumulatively convincing on this point that you incline to believe that his own Socialism partakes of the nature of a fake, with all the rest of the schemes, cults and systems. He is the best, if not the only, modern analogue of Pyrrho.

♦

Everybody who reads Shaw reads H. G. Wells. Shaw is an iconoclast. Wells is a builder. Both are convinced that most things that are are wrong. Both are Socialists; hence they don't agree much on anything. Wells has imagination. Shaw, strictly speaking, has not. Wells' is the scientific imagination. He prophesies. But he says there's no trick in that. The future is here, he says; it must work out of the present as the present has worked out of the past. We could tell how this is done, if we could find out the laws through which it is accomplished. He has done some good prophesying, too, scored some bull's-eyes, in his "Anticipations" and in other books. He admits some misses, but implies that even those will turn out hits when time shall have caught up with him. He sees quite wonderfully both in the mass and in detail, and he tells about them in good, clear, smoothly flowing English style. He is always easy reading. His latest book, "What Is Coming," (Macmillan's, New York), is one of his best. It tells what he thinks will come to pass in Europe after the Great War. He doesn't "see things" in a delirium. He is touched with a bit of frenzy about Germany, as becomes a Britisher, but he is not a phobic. He is not certain Germany will be beaten, but he thinks she won't and can't win. She will chasten and be chastened. She may lose all her colonies permanently, and she will not dominate Europe, and she may, possibly, get rid of her Hohenzollerns, her Junkers, her imperial militarists. But for the matter of that, there may be revolution in Great Britain. The people of that country are not coming out of

the war to go back to old conditions, to the dominant rule of landlords and lawyers. The English will stand for no more of the toleration of things because they are old. The ancient system of individualism, of administrative waste must go. The war has brought woman out of seclusion. The war has given State proprietorship, State control of transportation and industry wider domination. These cannot be cast aside after the war. They will have to be perpetuated because they cannot be dropped suddenly and as time passes it will become impossible to drop them. There must be more conscription of property to the end of fixing things right in Great Britain. For reorganization after the war the new State machinery for the prosecution of the war will have to be continued, expanded and perfected. All the belligerent nations are moving towards exhaustion; they are even now in liquidation. Great Britain no less than the others. Property is passing rapidly, both directly and indirectly, into the hands of the State. The property owner is becoming the *rentier* on an income of diminishing purchasing power. Investments are becoming national subscriptions. The State will have to take charge of credit and of land and of business to an extent unknown before, and to do this, Toryism must go. The men who will come back to England after the war will not be content with the condition of affairs before they left. They will insist upon a better country, upon more opportunity, upon the breaking down of barriers between the man and the job. They will not stand for a continuation of the muddling that made England almost wholly an industrial chaos before the war, that almost made England lose the war. They will not be patient with the stupidity of the governing classes. The new wine will not go in the old bottles. An endeavor to make it do so will mean at the very least wholesale reconstruction. And all this will come about largely through what the English have learned from Germany. The Pledged Allies will become State firms in business, as Germany was. Private profits will be set aside for common interests. Agriculture, commerce, metals, transport, manufacture will be national, not individual concerns. This war has smashed private capitalism forever. National ownership and national service will rule. In Great Britain the rule of lawyers will be overthrown—lawyers, that is to say, who keep the law ages behind the thought of the people and the spirit of the time. The lawyers of the future will be exorcised of the heavy devil of precedent. Great Britain's press will have to be emancipated from party and class and capitalist control and brought into touch with the people. Mr. Wells thinks highly of what Lord Northcliffe's press did to smash muddling class-management of the war. Mr. Wells slams the old English system of education as useless. He is against Latin and Greek and philosophy. England of the future will go in for teaching science and she will substitute Russian and Hindustani for Latin and Greek. The future demands exact scientific dealing with industrialism and economics. The biological sciences are needed for a proper adjustment of law and politics as well as medical and agricultural development. What the chapter in this book on "What the War is Doing for Women" contains, those may imagine who have read "Ann Veronica," "The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman," "Marriage," "The New Machiavelli." Suffice to say here, that Mr. Wells sees it as freeing woman from the oppressions and restraints and falsities and fakeries against which she was in more or less blind revolt before the war came on. When Mr. Wells undertakes to remake the map of Europe, and to tell us what will happen to the white man's burden and its bearers, he is thrillingly interesting but not easily condensable. He thinks that there may be established a sort of united states in the Balkan region, to get rid of German kinglings and racial treacheries. He hopes for some way of administering the backward peoples now under European rule, about as Walter Lippman suggested in his book, "The Stakes of Diplomacy." They might be governed by international commissions.

The Allies may approximate a sort of loose Union and establish a force to keep the world peace, like the Knights Templar were at the time of the crusades. Mr. Wells does not think that Great Britain will get her colonies and dependencies into closer alliance with herself. The colonies tend to freedom and can be held only by the affection and interest that hold them now. Mr. Wells' last chapter is "The Outlook for the Germans." They will be allowed to remain on the planet. They have some good points industrially, economically. They are all right except where they are all wrong—in their obsession of world power, of *Kultur* domination. Mr. Wells, we must not forget, is an Englishman. But he doesn't believe in a "smashed" Germany, only in an exhausted Germany that will be permitted to recuperate, in alliance with Austria, so long as she does not undertake again to shatter civilization for her own glory. The war will leave a legacy of hatred for half a century and the work of the world will be to wipe out that hatred. The Germans will have to help. Reconciliation will be extremely ultimate. "I will do no more than I must," says Mr. Wells, "to injure Germany further, and I will do all that I can to restore the unity of mankind. None the less is it true that for me, for all the rest of my life, the Germans I shall meet, the German things I shall see, will be smeared with the blood of my people and my friends that the wilfulness of Germany has split." This last sentence of "What is Coming" is hardly philosophic, but it is about as philosophic as would be a book like unto this one, written by some German of equal standing with Mr. Wells.

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A Honeymoon Experiment

By Alma Meyer

IT is seldom honeymooners devote their thoughts and energies to others, particularly to those less fortunate than themselves. Young Mr. and Mrs. Chase, of Boston, reared in luxury, after fortifying themselves with a week's canoeing in the North, crept into Rochester, New York, unknown, shabbily clothed and practically penniless, to spend their honeymoon in the slums. They wished to demonstrate for themselves the truth or the fallacy of that phrase one hears so often, "Any worthy man that wants a job can get it!" After two months of slum life their verdict was: Not any man, emphatically, no; but any woman, yes. Woman's work may be arduous, disagreeable, even degrading, but it is to be had for the persistent asking. Mrs. Chase applied for ninety-two jobs; in six cases her application was successful, but invariably a try-out of a day or two was sufficient to convince her that life under such conditions was not worth living. That was the final conclusion of their investigation: that even when employment was to be had, it was inadequately remunerated. They tell their story in the volume, "A Honeymoon Experiment," by Margaret and Stuart Chase, (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York).

They had planned their campaign most carefully and thoroughly in order to gain all knowledge at first hand. They gave themselves an allowance of ten dollars a week, so that their finances approximated that of the average American employed workman. What were the living conditions governed by such an income? Their first step was to secure a home. Much search discovered a room in a tenement—the best in that section, but almost uninhabitable because of filth and vermin, and no amount of labor ever made it quite clean. The poor are frequently censured for their lack of cleanliness, but the Chases found that fumigation could not exterminate the vermin, nor continuous sweeping and scouring banish the dust and dirt, while lack of air and light made this model tenement almost unendurable. And their condition was better than that of the majority of their neighbors! Congestion and lack of time for home duties, coupled with the landlords' indisposition to make needed repairs, are responsible for this kind of housing. To the eco-

nomic necessity that the entire family become wage-earners is also attributable the absence of ambition so often noted in the inhabitants of the slums. Tired out from a long day's exacting labor there is neither desire nor energy for self-improvement. These drab surroundings gradually inculcate a craving for light and music and entertainment, which is most easily satisfied at the movies. By contrast with their homes, the smelly, stuffy movie hall becomes a Paradise. The parks and the free bathing-pools are godsends to these dwellers in the crowded districts, to an extent not to be appreciated by more fortunate people. But with all their poverty they are most generous; in fact, generosity, kindness and humor seem characteristics of the very poor. None is so poverty-stricken as to be unable to share with one more needy.

Having established a living-place, the Chases began to look about for employment. Almost everywhere they found that old employees were being discharged instead of new ones being taken on. Why is such a report invariably made, even in periods of comparative prosperity?

Two great difficulties confront the searcher for work. First, the lack of definite, accurate information as to where employment may be had and, second, indifference on the part of the employer to the useless expenditure of the applicants' time, effort and money in pursuit of a job already filled. The three-time advertisement, so strongly recommended by the classified departments of our big dailies, is, perhaps, responsible for this. The advertisement is inserted to run three days; from the first day's group of applicants the vacancy is filled and the self-centered employer gives no further thought to the advertisement. The result is that hundreds of the unemployed, each wishing to be first on hand, rise in the early morning and walk weary miles or spend precious carfare, only to learn, after a long wait, that what they seek has ceased to be, and that the hours wasted here have probably cost them an opportunity elsewhere. Paradoxical, but true; the time of the unemployed is often more valuable than that of the high-salaried personage, because upon its proper application depends life itself. And carfare, to one who has nothing, is a fortune.

Two avenues of employment are always open to the fairly intelligent man: *viz.*, those advertised as "business opportunities," insuring enormous returns but invariably requiring capital; and that of solicitor on a strict commission basis—again requiring capital—where the company stands to gain all and lose nothing. This latter occupation the Chases characterize as sapping the self-respect of those engaged in it, since the object is not to supply the wants of the public but to inveigle it into handing the sellers a profit.

However, eight weeks of systematic and earnest seeking brought Mr. Chase only one bit of employment—a little substitute bookkeeping at twenty-five cents an hour, at which he earned a total of forty dollars.

Although Mr. Chase had confined his search to clerical work, his bride covered the whole field, from suffrage orator to scrubbing. She made ninety-two applications, and everywhere learned that experienced labor received the preference; that is, that it was impossible to obtain experience without asserting that she already possessed it, and that remuneration was based not on what the labor was worth, but on how little the laborer would take. Generally the working conditions and environment were insanitary and enervating, but even those employers who gave easy hours and hygienic surroundings refused a fair wage.

The servant question was not overlooked in this study. Mrs. Chase weighs domesticity against the disadvantages of other fields of employment and pronounces against it, not because of domesticity as such, but primarily because of the mental attitude of the servants' employers and because there is no freedom nor privacy nor social status for those engaged in this work.

The Chases do not conclude their investigation with an analysis of the evils of employment condi-

tions. They have a constructive programme whose initial step is the abolition of the present privately-owned and conducted employment agencies where, by means of registration fees and percentages, the poor are exploited for the profit of the unscrupulous. They also criticise the employment bureaus of the Y. M. C. A. and the Salvation Army because there the filling and filing of application blanks seems to be the only occupation open to the seeker for work. In place of these inadequate and inefficient organizations they advocate a government labor exchange, such as is conducted in Germany, where definite and reliable information concerning the nature, character and location of work is courteously and gratuitously given. With this should be correlated unemployment insurance. A point which they emphasize is that the unemployed, as a class, are not "bums;" that they are not unemployed from choice, but that they are the victims of economic conditions and benefactors of the nation in that, but for their sporadic assistance, American industry could not produce to the present extent. Equal suffrage, too, the Chases find, tends to better working conditions and for this reason, if for none other, should become universal in the States. The supreme and ultimate remedy for the inequality of opportunity and reward of the employing and the employed, is an equal share in the land as advocated by Henry George—single tax, in a word. Mr. Chase gives it as his opinion that twenty years of full operation of the single tax would eliminate the poverty problem in America.

Not only the facts marshalled and presented are of interest. It is the manner of their presentation, the dynamic force back of them, the effect of equally vital evidence withheld because of a knowledge of its redundancy, that grip the reader and compel admission of a condition that should not exist. And all this was chronicled in 1914 of the "Garden City," which has almost innumerable industries and no slums!

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The Passing of Bierce

By George Stirling

These lines were written, in answer to rumor that Ambrose Bierce, the poet, novelist, essayist and satirist, died by his own hand.

DREAM you he was afraid to live?
Dream you he was afraid to die,
Or that, a suppliant of the sky,
He begged the gods to keep or give?
Not thus the Shadow-Maker stood,
Whose scrutiny dissolved so well
Our thin mirage of Heaven and Hell,—
The doubtful evil, dubious good.

If, drinking at the close of day,
The staling wine at last displease,
And, coming to the bitter lees,
One take the sickened lips away,
Who shall demand the Pilgrim keep
A twilight session with Disgust,
And know, since revellers cry he must,
A farewell nausea ere he sleep?

Were his a reason to embrace
The Roman's dignity of death,
Whose will decreed his final breath,
Determining the time and place,
Be sure his purpose was of pride,
A matter not of fear but taste,
When, finding mire upon the waste,
And hating filth, he turned aside.

If now his name be with the dead,
And, where the gaunt agaves flow'r,
The vulture and the wolf devour
The lion-heart, the lion-head,
Be sure that head and heart were laid
In wisdom down, content to die.
Be sure he faced the Starless Sky
Unduped, unmurmuring, unafraid.

American Ideals and Problems

By Victor S. Yarros

CONSIDERABLE interest and comment have been excited by a recent Symposium at the City Club of Chicago on "Contemporary American Ideals." The object of the symposium was to ascertain whether the Americans of to-day have any ideals at all—that is, ideals worthy of the name and worthy of commendation and contemplation—and to interpret such ideals—if found to exist.

Spokesmen for various important social groups were invited to formulate and present the respective ideals of their associates and co-workers. Business, labor, law, politics, science, letters, education and the fine arts were thus challenged or afforded an opportunity to tell the disturbed world, the skeptical and pessimistic world, what they severally live by, spiritually, and what they are seeking to accomplish.

Notoriously, there are many who are disposed to think that Americans of to-day are degenerate, commercialized, materialistic, selfish, sordid, mean. The "fathers" had ideals. The generation of the Civil War and Abolition had ideals, but we of to-day—have we ideals? Are we not simply drifting and living from hand to mouth? Is anything intellectual or moral dear to us?

The symposium was arranged to search our hearts and obtain an honest, frank answer to these questions.

There are critics who point out that the symposium was a waste of energy and time, because, as a matter of fact, every age depreciates itself and believes that some preceding age was nobler and worthier, and because, *a priori*, there is not the slightest reason to suppose that the American of to-day is in the least inferior to the American of any earlier period. It is further objected to that the term "ideal" is too vague to be made the basis of any inquiry, and that a rational, practical way of putting the question intended is, What are the American *problems* of to-day? There is no ambiguity or fog about the term "problem." Any age or nation may be investigated and judged by the problems it is conscious of and grapples with. Are the problems high or low, purely material or moral and social?

There is something in these criticisms, but not much. Why quarrel about words? The term ideal may be vague, but we know sufficiently what it means to render controversy futile. Certain alleged realists like Bernard Shaw have assailed idealism, but common sense has paid no attention to those furious Quixotic assaults. An ideal is an objective, a goal, a vision, honestly put before one's self. When you have an ideal, you know whether you are moving toward it or away from it. To move toward an ideal is to deal with, work on and try to solve one or more problems. This goes without saying. To conceive problems and solutions is to entertain an ideal—the solution being the ideal, of course.

But to return to the symposium. The object, to repeat, was to ascertain and interpret current American problems or ideals.

What were the results reached? They were, in the main, quite favorable. The present generation was vindicated. It received a nice testimonial, which the future historian may find valuable as a document. We have ideals. We are not sunk in commercialism or materialism. We have a soul. We cannot hitch our motor cars to a star, but we gaze at the stars while speeding along.

This is not saying that every American has an ideal and is moving toward it. There never was a time in human history when every normal person in any community had an ideal and deliberately lived, moved and had his being in it. There were loyalists and antis during the Revolutionary period of this republic. There were advocates of slavery and various compromises with slavery during the Civil War period. There are always multitudes who live and die in spiritual destitution, who know not the

joys and perils of the life intellectual and moral. But exactly in the same sense in which any past age or period may be said to have had ideals and worthy problems may our age be said to have such ideals and problems.

This was the upshot, the general conclusion, of the symposium. And it was a sound and just conclusion. Those who accuse Americans of aimless drifting, in some peculiar degree, take the sophomoric view. They have not learned to take long views, historic views.

If there were no ideals in contemporary American life, there would be no Single Tax movement, no Socialist movement, no radicalism, no advanced liberalism, no militant demands for more democracy and more justice. Agreement there is not, but when was there agreement among men, and when did agreement make for progress? When was reform possible without struggle, contention, friction?

In our social, political and economic life there are numerous signs and exemplifications of progress—of idealism. Land reform, tax reform, currency reform, the initiative and referendum, equal suffrage, old-age pensions, industrial accident insurance or employers' liability, proportional representation, commission-manager plans, the recall, the limitation of judicial power, profit-sharing, collective bargaining, and a hundred other things will readily suggest themselves as illustrations.

The ideals that underlie the various movements are: Equality of opportunity, greater freedom for the individual, greater equality and fairness in the distribution of wealth, greater efficiency and method in the creation and handling of wealth.

If there are ideals in life, there are certain to be idealistic fashions and tendencies in letters and art. Contemporary literature may have many faults—none of them, by the way, new faults—but it is not deficient in idealism, in humanism. On the contrary. Sympathy with suffering, ardent love of justice and brotherhood, appreciation of democracy and human worth and dignity, hatred of oppression by plutocracy or any modern substitute for aristocracy based on privilege, are the recognized characteristics of contemporary fiction, poetry and dramas. Our literature is a literature of revolt and of aspiration. We may not have produced great literature, but we certainly are producing idealistic literature.

In music and other fine or—as the Russians call them, "free"—arts confusion is supposed to be worse confounded. What are the ideals of cubism, futurism, unanism, imagism, what not? Well, even in this sphere what strikes the thoughtful observer is the revolt against mere convention, routine, stereotyped forms, servile imitation. The artists are demanding freedom of expression, are seeking and trying new ways, new forms, new combinations. These are healthy symptoms, even though most of the experiments fail or prove but ephemeral successes.

In science, in metaphysics, in theology, in philosophy, the main currents are wholesome and invigorating. Human service and human welfare are the proclaimed desiderata and objectives. There is neither stagnation nor vain glorification of an imaginary golden age back of us. Vitality, growth, boldness, courage, sincerity are the distinguishing characteristics of the higher thought of our day.

True, we are nothing if not practical. We have renounced certain illusions and dreams. We know ourselves better than other generations knew themselves. We have moderation in our very zeal. We know what not to expect. But this only means that our ideals have some actual relation to reality. We may be "neo-realists," but we are also "neo-idealists." We do not mistake our goal for Utopia, but neither do we mistake an impossible Utopia for a goal. We are more efficient in our reformatory activities. If, in spite of all our activity, efficiency, and the rest, we are advancing rather slowly, the fault is not with the more radical idealists and reformers. Perhaps it is idle and unphilosophical to speak of "faults" at all

in this connection. The masses are conservative, absorbed in their daily tasks, wedded to habits and institutions, strangers to advanced ideas. Reform that does not rest on general intelligence and general sentiment is precarious, short-lived, unreal. The impatient radical is impatient with the human mind, the human character, and can anything be more futile than that? We must peg away, work and strive ceaselessly, expect little and rejoice even in a modest achievement of the right sort. There is no particular occasion for discouragement, no particular reason for indictments against Americans of the present generation.

The stock-taking process in the work-shop and warehouse of American ideals and problems has served a useful purpose. Many will thank the Chicago City Club for the illumination and reassurance its symposium on Ideals has brought them.

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Why War?

By W. E. Gordon

WE have talked so loudly and so long about these ideals of ours . . . Democracy . . . Humanity . . . Brotherhood—and have been so busy all the time grabbing and getting everything in sight upon which we have built an oligarchy of privilege, that our desire for peace is a delusion and to no purpose.

If we had the real desire for peace, which we profess, we would not permit the economic injustice which makes war possible. "That which from delusion we desire not to do, even that helplessly we shall perform."

And so War! War! War! it must be until we are disciplined and chastened and awakened and made worthy of Democracy.

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The Locket

By T. D. Pendleton

FOUR men dining together in a certain old-fashioned club lingered over their *demi-tasses* and tobacco.

Leroy, the distinguished micro-biologist, who was the guest of honor, was speaking of his discovery of the love-bacillus. Johnston and Bassett listened with interpolations of assent, as men do listen to the great, but young Nicholas heard Leroy with a shade of distaste in the back of his mind for the brilliant Frenchman who had reduced the sweetest thing in the universe to the form of matter—the cold scientist who, believing in nothing beyond the concrete, would rob the world of its fragrance.

Whether or not Leroy sensed young Nicholas' resentment, he turned upon him his magnetic black eyes and his whimsical smile as he answered a question of Johnston's.

"You ask me, Doctor, which one is the strongest of all the 'fifty-seven-varieties' of schizomycetes I have encountered in my miniature battles in the culture-tube, and I can answer without a moment's reflection: of a certainty it is the bacillus of the love-jealousy that is strongest, who will destroy quickly bacilli of other species—how is it you Americans say it?—crowd them to the ropes; put them off the map?" . . .

The hearers laughed, as people do at the wit of great men, except young Nicholas, who sat saying to himself: "It began with Professor Tyndall discovering that the sunbeam is a collection of spores, and now they will take the poetry from love itself."

With his eyes still on the young man, Leroy resumed: "But, my friends, strong as is this love-jealousy bug, I once saw him vanquished by something I have not reduced to the material." Leroy's black eyes compelled young Nicholas' to meet them.

"Tell us the story!" urged Johnston and Bassett in a breath.

With his eyes still holding young Nicholas', Leroy began.

"It is known to you that I started in the gutter;

that I maintained myself at school by sweeping out the lecture-rooms, blacking the boots, even washing the dirty linen of other students. Enough of detail; it is sufficient to say that I reached my majority and my medical degree with an utter ignorance of the traditions of the *sang-bleu*. Well then: the year after my degree found me practicing my profession of medicine in the country district of Arles, where my office, with a tiny bed-chamber above, made up my whole establishment, and I had been there, in that remote situation, a twelvemonth when the drama of which I shall tell you, enacted itself before my eyes."

Johnston and Bassett lighted fresh cigarettes and settled back in their chairs with avidity written on their faces. Leroy sipped at his black coffee as daintily as a humming-bird sips at a flower, then—his black eyes regaining their hold of young Nicholas—continued:

"In the second year of my practice of my profession in the district of Arles, late in a night in June, I was awakened from first sleep by a prodigious knocking at my door below. My practice was lean enough that I wasted no time in sticking my head out of the window.

"'Doctor, come quickly!' came up to me from the darkness below in the voice of Jean Gras, a respectable bachelor peasant who lived a mile away. 'There has been an accident: a great dragon machine has wrecked himself against the old oak in front of my door, and a rich young Miladi lies in my best room, quite dead, whitely beautiful as a plucked lily.'

"'Since the lady is dead—why then do you call me?' I answered Jean brusquely. 'I am expecting to be called on a labor case in an hour, and must get some sleep in advance!'

"'But, Doctor,' explained the voice of Jean, 'it is not Madame who has need of you; it is Monsieur, her husband, who is crazed of the grief. He cannot tear himself from the so beautiful body of Madame, yet, strangely, it seems he fears to be left alone with it. Of a certainty he is mad. It is that I must go five miles to secure women to attend to the body of Madame (The wires being down, you know no undertaker can be had for twenty-four hours), and Monsieur fears to be left alone with the dead. When I came for you he made me put the door key in my pocket and he waits in the garden until I return.'

"I made haste—the vision of a cash fee driving me (Poor lean dog of a doctor that I was) more even than Jean's tale of Monsieur, the widower, in his unavailing grief. In fifteen minutes I was at Jean's door.

"Jean's was a thatched house of the most ancient Arles type: a best room and kitchen below: a chamber above, reached by a staircase from the best room. Jean admitted me at once, and hurried away in quest of women to attend the body and of a wife to order motor-cars to convey the dead and the living back to Paris.

"They had placed Madame on a work-bench covered with a sheet, with candles at her head and feet, and she lay, as Jean had said, 'a plucked lily.' Her motor coat had been removed; and her blouse of lace, as frail as the spider's web, was open at the throat and from the opening emerged the column of her neck, crowned with a small head with hair of the color of the pollen of the lily.

"I made the usual perfunctory examination, slightly widening the *decolletage* to apply my ear to the heart. In the motion I must have dislodged a slender gold chain bearing a locket which had been hidden under the lace. At any rate, when I lifted my head I saw the locket for the first time. 'She is dead,' I said, and in that moment I looked into the face of Monsieur, the husband.

"Instinctively I recognized that he was *sang-bleu*, the first I had ever had as patient. 'He bears himself none the better for his pedigree,' I said to myself with, perhaps, a certain satisfaction. And of a truth he was near to breaking. For the rest, he was of a slender strength, with the face women love,

a face that, by some miracle, a life of pleasure leaves unmarked but for a leanness that only makes more patent the perfect bone structure beneath the flesh.

"'Doctor,' he said to me in the moment that I first looked into his eyes, 'I must sleep, immediately.' I saw that he was—how is it you say it in America?—'on the ragged edge,'—and I opened my medicine case and gave him ten grains of chloral hydrate. Then, ascertaining that he was to occupy the chamber above, I went up the narrow stairs with him, to see him to bed.

"In the narrow chamber under the roof, with sloping ceiling, I swung open the casement and sat down to wait for the drug to diffuse itself into the circulation and quiet Monsieur. He walked the floor, his muscles as tense as if I had given him but water. At the end of fifteen minutes I said to him:

"'I am due at a labor case two miles away and must leave you now. Do you feel more quiet?' He turned on me the face that Dante, Rossetti or Poe might have worn the night after their widowing and cried wildly:

"'Then, give me more of the drug, for the love of God! I cannot, I dare not be left alone here, awake!'

"'I gave you a stiff portion,' I answered him. 'Do you not feel it?'

"'Alas, no!' he said with indescribable sadness. 'I do not believe you can give me enough to prevent—' He came closer and looked searchingly into my face. 'I will tell you the story,' he said.

Leroy's fingers held the handle of his *demi-tasse* lightly as he, without releasing his hold of young Nicholas' eyes, hesitated before he said: "The name of Monsieur was Van—ah—Van Tuyl—yes, Van Tuyl will do very well. Well then, gentlemen, I shall tell you as best I can, in my own words, the story that Van Tuyl told me in Jean's upper chamber, while the night breeze, heavy with the scent of roses, came in through the open casement and blew the candle-flame, and Madame lay dead in the best room below.

"It was more than a year after their marriage before Van Tuyl noticed his wife's locket, for they rarely met.

"When he had first seen his young cousin, Evelyn, who had been brought over from her convent school to marry him at the behest of their mutual Granduncle Peter, whose will gave them the estate jointly upon condition of their marrying at once and remaining in the state of wedlock (Granduncle Peter did not wish the property divided and was a Puritan, with no belief in the medicine of divorce), pity for her youth, contrasted with his own weary forty-one years that held the ashes of more than one dead love, seized him. He cast about for a way out of the coil, but there was none: Granduncle Peter had shrewdly provided that if one rebelled both forfeited. Van Tuyl told his young cousin that her life should be free of his: sitting at the head of the town and country-house dinner tables two or three times during their respective seasons, showing herself in his opera box and at a function or two during the winter would be all his demands upon her.

"If the pity of it smote him anew when, a month later, at the altar of the little old church on the Hudson river estate, she came to him on the arm of their ancient cousin, Tom, her youth a shimmering garment of cloth of silver upon her, he silenced it with sophistry. In a year or two she would be a woman of their set, to whom a town and country-house, an opera box, jewels, the East coast of Florida in February, England and the Continent in June were a necessity. But in the limousine, after the ceremony, Van Tuyl took the child's slim brown fingers in his own and reassured her that she should be quite free of him. After all, she was overwrought: her bovish, undeveloped figure shook with tearless sobs. Van Tuyl moved farther into his corner to relieve her as far as possible of the awkward situation. Granduncle Peter had defeated his own end, Van Tuyl thought with a certain satis-

faction as the limousine passed the family burying-ground; there would be no heir to the loveless marriage.

"Van Tuyl kept his word. In a fortnight he was back in his old life, leaving his young wife to her own devices.

"The first time he noticed his wife's locket was at a dinner they were giving in the town-house. She was *en grande toilette*—they were going on to the Sator ball—and she wore the Van Tuyl pearls. In the last course she leaned over to caress the head of a favorite dog and a locket suspended from a slender chain slipped out of her bodice. If Van Tuyl wondered why his wife wore a plain gold locket along with the best rope of pearls in the Western Hemisphere, the wonder passed quickly, for he was sensing vaguely that the pearls were not more sumptuously rounded nor more satin of skin than was their resting-place.

"The next time was in returning from the funeral of a mutual cousin. His wife was in brief mourning, yet the locket gleamed dully through the crepe yoke of her gown. Van Tuyl's surprise that a woman elected to wear gold with crepe was brief, for he fell at once to noting how exactly the gold of the locket matched the gold of her hair, and forgot the surprise.

"The next time was at Palm Beach, when they met by accident on the sands. She was running towards him and in the heart-shaped *decollete* of her bathing costume he saw the wet locket glittering in the sunrise. He said to himself that his wife must prize the locket, that she wore it so often. Then the sweetness of her in the embrace of the wet black silk seized him and he plunged into the breakers and swam out a mile while he fought for peace.

"After that he began to look for the locket. When she rode to the hounds it gleamed from under the folds of the stock she knotted so perfectly over the bare neck space between the lapels of her coat; at a charity tea where she was pouring, he discovered it under the heavy lace vest of her gown. She wore it *always*.

"A morning in her boudoir, where he had gone to ask her signature to a paper and found her in a wonderful *negligee* of transparent gold splashed sparsely with opaque gold, wearing no jewels, but with the locket in plain view, the truth came to him. It was the likeness of a lover his wife wore on her heart. *Who was he?*

"He ran over in his mind the possibilities. For a little he thought it might be Carteret, the most reckless rider of the hunting set, for Evelyn and Carteret kept their mounts together over the roughest going. Later, she was seen more with Droole in his rakish catboat, the two spending hours together daunting death, landing themselves by the barest margin. Then Van Tuyl was sure it was Charlevois, known on the aviation field as 'Daredevil Charleyboy,' but in the *Almanach de Gotha* as Raoul Charles Henri, Julien, Charlevois, Duc de Milletours, for Charlevois and his wife spent their mornings with their heads together over plans for a plane he was having built for her. But 'Charleyboy' and his plane dropped into the Sound one morning and Evelyn showed no trace of feeling.

"It began that Van Tuyl went about looking into the faces of the men he met, saying to himself: 'Can it be *you*?'

"He would get up in the night and take the club lists and go over them, weighing the possibilities. Of a certainty he was going mad of the love-jealousy.

"Did I tell you," Leroy looked at Johnston and Bassett in turn, "that he, the bacillus of jealous love, is a formidable-looking fellow under the microscope? The ugliest of the 'fifty-seven varieties?' That he has at the one end of his rod-like self, rudiments of horns, while the other end narrows itself to the semblance of a tail?"

Johnston and Bassett laughed promptly at the great man's wit. Young Nicholas was saying to himself, "A materialist with neither feeling nor sentiment, who would rob the world of its fra-

grance!" when Leroy again turned upon him his black eyes and whimsical smile and continued:

"In Van Tuyl's veins these love-jealousy microbes were speedily victorious: old tastes were destroyed; he was reduced to misery. His situation becoming unendurable, he had his man pack for an indefinite stay in Paris and took passage on the *Pavona*—only to find that his wife had in sudden whim decided upon the same ship. They met on deck too late for either to get ashore. His wife's embarrassment showed plainly, but she recovered herself and with one of her wonderful smiles said she was going to Paris to purchase one of the new *Diable* cars that were said to be the fastest things on tires.

"You are reckless of life," Van Tuyl instinctively began to protest.

"That, I think, is a matter entirely within my own province," his wife interrupted, and her quick breath made the locket gleam tantalizingly in the low V of her blouse.

"Five interminable nights Van Tuyl sat on deck speculating, always speculating upon the face in the locket. He borrowed the ship's list and pored over it long mornings in the saloon: 'Abar, Addams, Ashley, Bertrand, Cheruble!—who was it she wore in the locket?'

"In Paris it was the same. He haunted the offices of the hotels, going over their registers; in the clubs and *cafés* he stared searchingly into the faces of men.

"His wife had got her new *Diable* and she had picked up a stranded American student, turned chauffeur, who proved to be a fitting mate for the car. Chaperoned by Lily Sator, she ran about the country adjacent to Paris at breakneck speed. *Who was it she wore in the locket?* Van Tuyl, reduced to the state where he was in the flames near her, yet unable to tear himself away, waited in a hotel near hers, for what he knew not."

Leroy toyed with his *demi-tasse* with his great, spatulate fingers, but did not release his hold of young Nicholas' eyes—then resumed:

"On the evening of the tragedy, Van Tuyl, sitting at a table on the pavement in front of his wife's hotel, saw the *Diable* car come to the curb and stop, and, after a little, he saw his wife and Lily Sator come out of the hotel. Evelyn had got into the tonneau and the other woman was in the act of following her when a page ran out of the hotel with a telegram which proved to present an obstacle to the motor trip. Lily Sator was looking about for someone to take her place in the car when she saw Van Tuyl. Explaining to him that his wife was dying to see the rose country under the full moon, she seized him and piloted him across the few feet of pavement to the car. Of course, Van Tuyl could but answer that he was at his wife's service, and, pitying her for the awkwardness of the situation, released her from it as far as possible by seating himself by the chauffeur. Then the *Diable* car started on the tortuous run through traffic. The dare-devil chauffeur got through in an amazingly short time, and soon they were on the silver, rose-bordered road to Arles, with a round, yellow moon looking over the horizon.

"If his wife smelled the roses she gave no sign. All she voiced of herself was a frequent, 'More speed!' As for Van Tuyl, of course, he sat there saying over and over to himself, 'Who is he she wears on her heart?'

Leroy smiled his whimsical smile at young Nicholas as he interpolated: "You see, the so tiny horned and tailed bug in Van Tuyl's blood had, by this time, been greatly destructive; the fresh, sweet wind in his face, the round, yellow moon, the dark masses of villages with quicksilver roofs, the breath of the roses were as nothing. *Who is he in the locket? Who is he?* his brain sang over and over in time to the heavy drone of the motor.

"Then came the crash. The *Diable* car made a great fight with Jean's old oak, standing on her hind wheels and scratching viciously with her front wheels, quivering meanwhile as an angry woman,

before she somersaulted. But somersault she did (as you know already), and when Van Tuyl, by a miracle, unhurt himself, extricated himself, he found the chauffeur crushed to a pancake, and his young wife unmarred but past human aid."

Leroy paused again, his black eyes still not releasing their hold of young Nicholas,—then went on:

"When Van Tuyl had got thus far with the tale he told me there in the low room under the roof, with the candle-flame flaring in the rose-laden breeze that came through the open casement, while his wife lay dead in the room below, he turned on me the sorrowful face that Poe or Dante, Rossetti might have worn the night after their widowing, and finished: 'Doctor, if you cannot stay with me, for God's sake give me enough of the drug to keep me from violating the secret of the locket. She lies there defenceless—not for the universe would I have the locket taken from her—I must sleep, so that my mad curiosity will not conquer me in Jean's absence!'

"I got out my drug-case—"

"But," interrupted Johnston and Bassett in duo, "you had already given your patient twenty grains of chloral hydrate."

"Yes," went on Leroy, "but, you remember, I said the bacillus of the love-jealousy is the strongest of all micromata I have met. He had conquered the chloral hydrate in the veins of Van Tuyl, who was as tensely awake as I myself was. But"—Leroy's gaze again held young Nicholas—"how this so formidable jealous-love-bacillus bore himself against another foe we shall see. Well, then:

"I got out my drug-case and gave Van Tuyl ten grains more of the drug. 'That will make you sleep,' I said, 'without doubt,' and I made him lie down.

"After a little, seeing his eyes closed, I slipped downstairs and hurried away to my labor case, secure in the belief that that terrible fellow, the love-jealousy bug, in the veins of my patient was in thrall to the chloral hydrate for the night.

"After all, I found my labor case had delivered itself as neatly as possible and within the hour I was back in front of Jean's cottage where I thought that, although all was well, with Van Tuyl sleeping, I might as well remain until the dawn brought Jean with the women he had gone to fetch.

"But when I had reached the cottage I perceived that all was not well, for the door would not open when I set my hand to it. It was bolted on the inside. Wrenching it without effect I went to the window which was not so high but that by standing on my toes I could look through it.

"By the light of the dying candles at the head and foot of the work-bench I saw Van Tuyl bending over the body of his wife. He put his hand to the locket and withdrew it three times. Then, as his hand, the right, approached itself for the fourth time to the locket, with his left he drew a revolver from his pocket and shot himself through the heart.

"You see, that terrible horned and tailed fellow, the love-jealousy bacillus, in the blood of Van Tuyl had met with a thing he could not conquer, a thing I had never until that night encountered myself—the subtle something that makes the gentleman. I have not reduced it to the concrete to this day," Leroy said dreamily, his fingers releasing the *demi-tasse*, "it is beyond the culture-tube."

"And I thought him without sentiment," young Nicholas was regretting.

Leroy finished:

"Later, to me, walking among Jean's roses, vaguely likening their fragrance to the subtle something I had seen conquer the so-ferocious love-jealousy microbe, came the voice of the woman who was making ready the bodies of Van Tuyl and Jean's 'plucked lily' for their long journey to the burying-ground on the Hudson:

"Doctor, the locket that rests itself upon the breast of Madame—it is not of great value. It seems a pity to remove it; it might with so great fitness remain on Madame's heart, containing, as it does, the picture of Madame's husband."

Missouri's Junior Senator

By Eugene Kent

When Pike County began preparations to celebrate Champ Clark Day during the same juncture of time in which the Democrats were to gather for convention in St. Louis, observant Washington noticed signs of uneasiness in high places. Some of this found vent in sneers about the futility of erecting monuments to defeat, with the sound advice added that Champ Clark and his loyal disciples fall into step with those marching with the victor. This council very likely did not reach Pike County, and if it had, it would not have changed the programme. Those about the President realized that obstruction would be the last thing to benefit their cause, even if they had been able to place any sort of obstacle in the way of the tribute which Pike County proposed giving the man they believe should have received the nomination at Baltimore in 1912. A bit of *finesse*, however, was planned, and that it miscarried is the cause of hilarity among a certain brand of politicians who, though prepared to support Wilson in the large measures, do not object to seeing some of his fine strategy fail.

One bright morning the White House messenger arrived at the private office of the Speaker with a personal note requesting that he hold himself ready to go to St. Louis, become permanent chairman of the Convention and make the speech nominating Woodrow Wilson. Mr. Clark has proven himself "a good loser," has assisted the President in many ways and even his deadliest enemies cannot accuse him of half-hearted service. But to be dragged at the chariot wheel for mere sentimental reasons was more than he could contemplate. He acted promptly and without consulting his closest friend and adviser, James A. Reed, junior Senator from Missouri. He thanked the President, but said he would not attend the Convention. His duty, as he saw it, was in the Speaker's chair. This, of course killed his idea of going to Champ Clark Day, but this intention died in a good cause, as subsequent events proved.

President Wilson could not have pondered this refusal many minutes, when, smiling and dapper, came Mr. McAdoo to the Capital. He appealed to Mr. Clark's desire for harmony, and pointed out that Mr. Clark would be above suspicion if he accepted the honor proposed. He alluded pleasantly to the homage which Pike County was planning and suggested how greatly it would enhance Democratic success in the state and in the country if the loser at Baltimore should himself nominate the victor at St. Louis. But Mr. Clark replied at once he could not spare the time, and that, as the affair was in every sense perfunctory, and that a semblance of harmony was sought, it could be conveyed just as well if the President would appoint Senator Reed, a Missouri man, his staunch supporter and confident, and withal the most eloquent orator available. Mr. McAdoo was not enthusiastic. He, like the President, refused to accept the final word and said he would await Mr. Clark's further consideration. Two more letters came from

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the White House, each bearing the same burden, and one more visit from Mr. McAdoo. The selfsame answer from the Speaker, always adding that he considered Senator Reed the eminently fitting man for the post and thereby naming him as his, Clark's, personal representative, authorized to voice his sentiments on every issue. How it turned out is well known. Champ Clark missed "Champ Clark Day" and Senator Reed represented him. Reed made, according to those who attended, the greatest speech of his life, on the higher patriotism and the rewards which are greater than those that come from the councils of men. It was, he said, a defeat more glorious than victory, and like the slender shaft which was erected over the battleground of Bunker Hill, which also was a defeat as history records it, the ideals which inspired such commemoration as "Champ Clark Day" would outlast the renown attached to what is reckoned victory. Ollie James

made the great speech at the Convention, but the politicians think Reed did a better day's work in Pike County than if he had held the delegates spell-bound in St. Louis. Whether Wilson and McAdoo played good politics is a moot question and hinges on how much more necessary is harmony in Kentucky than in Missouri, though, of course, no one nowadays attaches much importance to convention speeches or promises or platforms. The men who heard Reed in Bowling Green will be among the voters and can influence other voters when his re-election to the Senate comes before the people. Those in St. Louis were only concerned about how much sugar

coating could be put on the candidate in the briefest time possible.

Why the President and his son-in-law are so frantic to placate Clark and so indifferent about Reed is one of the puzzles. If they showed a slight evidence of knowing how to strengthen their bulwarks, they might sometimes bring forward what Reed did for the Federal Reserve Bill. That piece of legislation is one of the dominant reasons the Democrats ask to be continued in power. It has made this country the financial center of the world and the system founded on its provisions withstood the shock of the great world war. But would it have done so had Mr. Wil-

son and Mr. McAdoo carried it through the Senate in the same high-handed way they rushed it through the House? When that bill reached the Senate, a whisper went about that the President and Mr. McAdoo would be glad to have it "expedited," or railroaded, through. In the committee that first examined the bill as it came from the House were three men who frankly knew nothing technically of high finance and for that reason believed it their duty to take council of those who did. They were O'Gorman of New York, a former judge, a Tammany man and alleged representative of Wall Street; Reed of Missouri, a distinguished lawyer, and the man who doggedly held out for Champ Clark and prevented unanimity of Wilson's nomination, and Hitchcock of Nebraska, a newspaper man, owner and publisher of the Omaha *News-Herald*, the inveterate enemy of Bryan. On the face of it, these men would have fallen under Mr. McAdoo's suspicion unless they had been crawlingly subservient. But they were not. On the contrary, on the initiative of Mr. Reed, they issued a call for all bankers not favorable to the bill to appear before the committee and state their objections. Mr. McAdoo was wroth and the Administration papers reeked with onslaughts on the obstructionists, the Democrats, so-called, who were deliberately halting the most vital legislation and doing their best to embarrass, perhaps cripple, the President. Mr. Reed and his colleagues went on, called bankers, heard bankers, conferred with bankers, from one end of the country to the other. If the bill is all that its originators claim, said Mr. Reed, a little delay will not harm it, but counsel with experienced men might possibly improve it. The Senate, as is well known, added more than five hundred amendments to the bill so rapidly passed by the House. At first Mr. McAdoo skulked, then, because he is a genius at high finance, a practical politician and a loyal Democrat, he saw the drift of affairs. He became bitten with the amendment craze, sent down more suggestions than the committee could keep up with and, the night before the bill finally was reported on the floor of the Senate, kept the committee up all night listening to his arguments in favor of further changes.

The three men to whom the nation owed this heavy debt, O'Gorman, Reed and Hitchcock, all came up shortly for re-election. All seem to have gained inexplicably the ill-will of those who should uphold them. O'Gorman, his friends say, is tired of feeling he was considered the personal upholder of a sort of American Camorra, and refused to permit Tammany to present his name. He will voluntarily retire from public life after March 4 next. Hitchcock has gained strength recently because of his irreconcilable enmity to Bryan. That he suspected the Commoner, when the President and his councils bestowed their fullest confidence, scores for political sagacity on the part of the Nebraska Senator.

That Senator Reed has suffered because of his loyal support of Champ Clark and then because he scorned to become a pawn in the Upper House endears him to many of his colleagues and should make a strong endorsement

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for him among his constituents in Missouri. "If you cannot lick a boy, slap his sister" does not generally appeal in the Middle West. Clark, impregnable in Pike County, and beloved in the House, offered no lodgement for attacks which could be directed towards his close friend. Certain it is Senator Reed is honored and appreciated in the Upper House, even among those who are not of his political family or those who differ from him radically in Democratic procedure. He is "a first-term man," yet one who is feared in debate and avoided in pitched battle, whether on the floor or behind committee doors. He is one of the few who have not lost genuine prestige through the reputation of being an orator. It is only necessary to recall the last orator so-called, or rather as he called himself, Beveridge, who amused the Conscript Fathers with fine frenzy and carefully prepared, involved and resonant sentences. Mr. Reed may always be counted to make a resounding speech, to say something well when occasion offers. When his seat is empty, the idle usually drop out of the galleries, for, with few exceptions, present-day Senators are a prosy lot on the floor, and ginger is as rare

nowadays in the debates as the old-fashioned girl is in society. The Missouri man is one exception and there may be two or three others, but, by universal consent, Reed is the orator of this Congress in the Senate in the same sense that Voorhees was in the early eighties.

One striking feature of Mr. Reed's political philosophy is his dislike for Jeremiads. In the chorus of wailing over the plight of the country, it is a relief to hear one strong voice sounding a note of hope. There is the shipping bill, for instance, to which Mr. Reed has recently devoted himself with enthusiasm and zeal. Senator Reed no doubt joins all other Americans in regretting the loss of the American Merchant Marine and that since the Civil War, pages hitherto devoted to shipping history have been blank. Say, we have been monstrously blind to the nation's progress, have lain supinely while foreign commerce preyed upon the remains of our maritime greatness. The time has arrived to retrieve these errors and Senator Reed urges that we proceed to do it. He stands committed to a shipping bill which will make Uncle Sam owner of a merchant marine, worthy successor of that owned when the Civil

War closed. The American Merchant Marine in 1855 was the most formidable afloat, and that year reached the high-water mark of construction. More than 2,400 vessels were built and sent to every known port of the world, with every sort of cargo. Four years from that date, American steamships reached the astounding total of 867,937 tonnage as against 500,144, the registered tonnage of Great Britain.

Mr. Reed, working for the welfare of the entire nation, sees the local result in the rivers filled with commerce as in the early days after the Civil War, and Mississippi river boats restored to their place in interstate trafficking. He sees an encouraging vision for all the Mississippi Valley and a gradual equalizing of profits that will benefit all alike. The same note runs through his speeches and they were many, delivered at the time Rural Credits Bills was before the Senate.

Mr. Reed has a reputation in Washington of making a fetish of his work. Time was when he could be seen in the bridle-paths of Rock Creek and he could have been lured to a picnic when affairs were slack at the Capitol. Recently, however, he "hoes corn" all the



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time, and, to the consuming envy of his friends, his waist line grows more slender and tapering, despite his sixteen hours of sedentary labor, while they get rotund and rosy, plunging about golf fields or doing their ten miles a day afoot. He has the pallor of the indoor man, but to all remonstrances, he replies that when Senators do not have to spend a third of their waking hours at the duties involved in distributing patronage they may get an hour or two for recreation. He is rated among the unsociable, according to the rule which Washington applies to its personages. He attends dinners so rarely that six or eight may be placed as his total during six years, and when his wife entertains, the amenity must take the form of functions for women only, luncheons, matinee dances or picnics. Yet few are held in such affectionate regard and few can be more companionable and entertaining. As for reading, he is one of the omnivorous sort and he can take the heart right out of a volume and lay it quivering before you, after what would seem a mere glance through the pages. Tells a good story does Mr. Reed, but they never figure as cloak-room gossip.

How Tender

A woman from the city was spending the summer in a small town, and one day, while doing her marketing, she asked the butcher how he happened to choose his business. He hesitated a moment, and then: "Well, I don't know," he answered, "but I always was fond of animals."

Grandma—He'd make you a model husband.

Elsie—Last year's model, grandma.—*Judge*.

After the War

By A. A. Whipple

"How will the ending of the European war affect business conditions in this country?" "Will the European countries use this country as a dumping-ground for such goods as they are unable to sell over there?"

"Will there be an exodus of labor from those countries to ours to escape the enormous taxes which are sure to follow the war?"

"Will the European countries find a home market for all they can produce and employment for their labor in the general rehabilitation which will take place?"

Such questions as these seem to be engrossing the minds of the so-called political economists and financial writers of this country, and there are almost as many different opinions as writers.

I should answer such questions by saying that it largely depends upon whether an international agreement shall be made between the nations of the world and what the terms of that agreement shall be. Also, as to how those countries and this country shall arrange for the payment of their ever-increasing cost of government.

It is too much to hope that the international peace agreement may be made upon a free trade basis. But may we not hope that a free trade arrangement shall be made between some of the countries and that the rest shall be based upon reciprocity—the plan suggested by Blaine for the countries of this hemisphere. Inasmuch as exports of the different countries increase enormously from year to year—the world's exports have nearly doubled in the last twenty years—the whole world eventually must come to a free trade basis.

In fact, no peace agreement, to be permanent, can be made upon any other

lines. Tariffs breed war. Free trade stimulates peace. In 1842, Richard Cobden wrote that "the free trade agitation and the peace movement are identical." He said: "It has often been to me a matter of the greatest surprise that the Friends have not taken up the question of free trade as a means—and I believe the only human means—of effecting universal and permanent peace. The effort of peace societies, however laudable, can never be successful so long as the nations maintain their present system of isolation."

The late Joseph Fels foresaw the utility of peace agreements, so long as fundamental economic conditions were ignored, and in his now historic letter, written in 1910 to Andrew Carnegie, who had just given \$10,000,000 to the International Peace Fund, Fels said: "Donations, no matter how large, to suppress evils, no matter how great, can accomplish nothing unless they are used to remove the fundamental cause of the evils."

In the light of recent events the prophetic wisdom of that statement must be recognized.

If we may hope that a peace agreement shall be made upon the lines indicated, then the future condition of business and of labor in the individual European countries, and in this country, depends upon the intelligence of the people in raising their public revenue.

If the war should result in opening the eyes of European countries to the magnitude of this important matter, the war will not have been without a mitigating consequence. Let us hope that it will so result. But it will require not only free trade but free land. Henry George said so in his "Protection or Free Trade," and conditions in England previous to the war prove it. Although Germany has heretofore adopted a policy of high tariff, Germany may be one

of the first to go to the other extreme. It certainly will do it, if the Social Democrats shall be given full suffrage. The *Bodenreform* is already working in that direction. Some 350 municipalities of Germany have for years collected a large part of their revenue from the rent of the land. Under full suffrage the "Junker" element of Germany will be in the minority. Germany's successful experiment with its Chinese colony of Kiaou-Chiaou, whose revenues were raised from the rent of the land, is an object lesson not to be forgotten.

Tolstoy's writings, in Russia, those of the Physiocrats, in France, the Lloyd-George Budget, and the successful experiments of Australia, New Zealand and Western Canada in the British Empire will strengthen the movement of the land reformers of those countries. Who knows but the good seed sown throughout the world by Henry George and Joseph Fels may right soon bear the best of fruit? "Trade cannot be truly free until the restrictions which hamper production are removed." Trade cannot be free until land is free. If one of those countries should adopt the plan of raising its revenues from the rent of the land, taxes would be abolished, wages increased and that country, with its people employed, would largely consume its own productions. It would prove an object lesson to force the others into line.

I am not one of those who believe that this war is going to "set the clock of the world back forty or fifty years." I believe this war will sound the death knell of militarism; but I do believe it will advance general suffrage; the rule of the people,—democracy.

Under free trade, such governments as Australia, New Zealand, and Western Canada—land rental countries—will be in a position to secure the best results at the end of the war.

California and Oregon will vote this

fall on amendments which may prove an object lesson to us. One thing is absolutely sure, and that is, that this country can never be put in a position to secure the full fruits of her marvelous advantage of natural resources and immense wealth; she cannot prevent periodical stretches of hard times until she recognizes the fact that her natural resources belong to all of her people; that the oil was not created for the purpose of permitting the Rockefellers to exact tribute from the rest of mankind; the mines for the Guggenheims; the forests for the Weyerhausers; the water power for the electric companies; nor the land for 10 per cent of the people; that the rental of those natural resources must be used to run the Government and all forms of taxation must be entirely abolished. Then, and not till then, can we enjoy the advantages nature has given us. Then, and not till then, will we be in a position to say to the rest of the world, "Whatever you do, we are in a position to be independent. We can sell you our natural products as low as you can buy them elsewhere and we will be glad to exchange them for your natural products wherever we can make the best exchange."

This is a small world, and as Anatole France says, "It is to our advantage to have the people of every race and color, powerful, free and rich. Our prosperity and wealth depend upon theirs. The more they produce, the more they will consume. The more they profit by us, the more we shall profit by them. Let them rejoice abundantly in our labor and we shall rejoice abundantly in theirs."

KANSAS CITY, Mo., July, 1916.

♦♦♦

"Vic"

By Bernard Capes

In times of great psychologic disturbance the whole extra-mundane world, I think, becomes agitated, forgets its restrictions, its pledges, perhaps, and seeks outlets for the expression of old emotions, old sympathies, in the way of comfort and reassurance to the living. Then *things* happen for which there is no material accounting; a censorship, more omniscient and therefore, maybe, more merciful than ours, has been eluded, and a message will come through, which, by all the laws of the unseen, should be forbidden. There may even then be a penalty exacted; it will be paid gladly, one feels, for the sake of the love that dared it. Certainly the earth of to-day, if it is not dense with ghosts, is thick with hallucinations.

Here is an example, which it is permissible to cite, or at least to paraphrase, under the veil of anonymity. It centers upon a figure seated in a darkening room before a low fire. The fire is so low that it appears one coal—a steady, unwinking eye of light, full of watchfulness and curiosity. It probes the heart of the solitary figure, which is that of a dark, chestless young man, who sits in the perpetual shadow of ill-health, like a lead-glazer in his sunless corner. He was not born with a silver spoon in his mouth, this man, but with its stains rubbed into his hollow cheeks and temples, as actors use it to simulate

suffering in a face. It was because of those stains, and of what they implied that he was refused for the Army; but for compromise his days are spent in clerical work connected with it. He has accepted his fate rather apathetically than stoically: he accepts all of fate, which is hard on him as a rule, in a like mood. With large native capacities for enthusiasm and enterprise, opportunity has been consistently denied him. And love has passed him by so far that not the echo of its footsteps has sounded in his empty soul.

It was not so with his brother, his one relation, on whom the sunshine of life had from the first focussed itself. The spoilt darling of his circle, he had come, like so many idols of Fortune, to abuse his privileges. He had done bad things; but to the worst charge of all he had persistently pleaded not guilty. And this to his brother who worshipped him, who disbelieved him, and because of his worship and disbelief, mourned solely for the truth which would have reconciled them.

And now they were parted, and parted forever, the one to the War and a hero's end, the other to his little, mean, civilian share (so he felt it) in the business of destruction. He had received the official intimation of his brother's death that day, and had felt in the formal, stately message the finishing stroke to whatever fond delusions he had allowed himself to nurse of a re-union founded on truth and late admission. Their separation was at last eternal.

He had been reading, half mechanically, in the evening paper, an anecdote relating to some young officer who, mortally wounded, had scribbled and tied a message to the collar of a little, petted dog he had kept with him in his dugout, and of how the animal, starting off on its pathetic errand, had been incontinently blown to mincemeat by a shell. Was it even possible that the dog in question had been "Vic," thought the sad dreamer—"Vic" who, though she was his personal property, had attached herself to the other and gone abroad with him? Was it possible?—but there were pets everywhere in the trenches, and the incident, if true, might have referred to any one of them.

And at that moment he looked down, and saw "Vic" herself come stealing out of the shadows, and stretch her little familiar form on the rug.

He sat quite still, not moving. It had been another dog, then—not Vic at all. But, immortal God, in that case!—

With a sudden, pitiful cry he arose, leaped at the electric switch, turned it and stared down. She lay like one exhausted and dead; but there was a common label attached to her collar, its inscription uppermost. It was faint but legible; and bending he could read it "*To my brother in England. I did it.*"

No more; and what more was needed? She had found her faithful way, by whatever means, through whatever perils, to deliver her message, and his passionate love and belief in the dead were at last vindicated.

He stood erect; he hid his eyes a moment, his heart a tumult of grief and exultation; then held out his hands to the little, wayworn loyalty.

"Vic!" he cried: "look up and know me!"

She lay, an indistinct white heap on

DINKS PARRISH'S LAUNDRY CO.

Increases Capital Stock from

\$40,000 to \$100,000

THEY will build an addition to their building that will more than double their capacity. Eight employes have been given stock in the company, also an arrangement has been made for them to buy \$20,000 of the shares between them at par.

The names of our co-workers and new stockholders are: C. G. Lindsay, J. J. Moorman, C. J. Mohrman, F. J. Leisse, Mathias Ewers, W. R. Simmerock, P. J. Sheridan, J. F. Hopkins.

The officers are: Dinks L. Parrish, President and Treasurer; Albert F. Williamson, Vice-President, Secretary and General Manager.

the white rug. He stooped to caress her, to examine the nether side of the label; his fingers sank into the long hair of the rug, and there was nothing else—no "Vic," no message: only the memory of a small dumb friend, who had dared the awful censorship rather than betray the human trust reposed in her.

—From the *New Witness*.

♦♦♦

Summer Shows

The prettiest of all song shows, "The Firefly," is excellently done by the Park Opera Company this week. Miss Florence Mackie as *Nina*, the street singer, walks right into the part as though she had been doing it for weeks. Her rendering of "Tommy Atkins," "Love is Like a Firefly" and "When a Maid Comes Knocking at Your Heart" is truly a musical treat. Carl Gantvoort and Merle Hartwell do remarkably well in their duet, "Sympathy." Sarah Edwards' "Sapphire Seas" is a beautiful number, beautifully sung. Carl Haydn, Roger Gray, Billy Kent, Dolly Castle, Bertha Black and Louis Bartel round out a well-balanced cast. St. Louisans have never seen or heard a better all-round performance in this kind, anywhere, at any price.

♦

The programme at the Shenandoah includes "The Suspect," with beautiful Anita Stewart in the lead. This was shown on Wednesday. Frances X. Bushman in "A Brother's Loyalty" and the second chapter of "The Grip of Evil" were given as added attractions. Gail Kane in "Paying the Price" appeared Thursday and Friday, while Florence Turner in the second of a

series of Florence Turner features, "Doorsteps," will be the offering for Saturday afternoon and evening.

Next week, beginning Monday evening, the Park Opera Company, the only successful all-the-year-round opera company in the United States, will present the perdurable favorite, "The Bohemian Girl." Florence Mackie, Sarah Edwards, Overton Moyle, Carl Gantvoort, Carl Haydn, Billy Kent, Dolly Castle—everybody—will have a good part and a fling at the dear old numbers that have become almost folk-songs in the hearts of the people. "The Bohemian Girl" always brings out the people who have long since quit going to other operas, and the youngers turn out, too, for Balfe's melodies are irresistible.

♦♦♦

She Concentrates

Glancing about her with her appealing blue eyes, the pretty little woman smiled angelically at the others.

"You can't imagine what I'm doing," she told them triumphantly. "And I'm so-o-o interested! I'm learning to concentrate my mind!"

"Yes," she went on as everybody appeared smitten dumb. "It isn't nearly as terrible as it sounds, either! First I heard a lecture about it and then John said he wished to goodness I'd decide what I wanted to say and then take a straight line to it instead of wandering all over the land of the living! He added something about life being short and he a nervous man, but I'm sure I don't know what he was talking about! John is the queerest—though nothing at all to compare with his brother out

West! Why, that man was positively eccentric! He made speeches and got arrested—no, I think what he got in trouble for was something about the bank failing, though, of course, he was absolutely honest himself—it was just his trust and confidence in other people that landed him in court and the family never was a bit ashamed of the affair, because he was vindicated despite the ten-year sentence he got.

"It really is quite fashionable these late years anyhow—going to jail—if it's a big concern you are with. It did interfere terribly with his daughter's wedding, come to think of it—it was to be a huge church affair with dresses from Paris and all that, and, of course, they had to call it off, and her clothes were all out of style before the trial was over and everything!"

"I don't mean, of course, that my John ever robbed a bank because his brother was connected with a similar affair—only you can see how queerness runs in the family—his wanting me to concentrate and all that!"

"Why, John," I told him, "it sounds just like cod liver oil or food tablets or something! I'm sure I should think you'd lots rather have my thoughts as they flow, spontaneously, instead of docketed and ticketed and turned on so much a minute—or whatever it is they do to your thoughts when they arrange them systematically."

"John said if he were on a long vacation that might be amusing because when I started telling him about my letter from Aunt Ella concerning her new house he would make bets with himself whether I'd end with reading a clipping about ague in Afghanistan or telling him how Mrs. Jones makes rice pudding—but that he did wish I'd read a booklet he had brought me on concentration.

"I always make a point of pleasing John, so I took the book along and read in it every time I was dummy at the bridge table that afternoon—but somehow I couldn't make much out of it. I think it was the fault of the dress Mrs. Bicker had on—every one there was talking about it! Why, that woman has grandchildren—positively—and if you didn't look at her face you'd think she was a sweet girl graduate! I know for a fact she starves her family so she won't be tempted to overeat."

"It was her husband, you know, who was called to the witness stand in that celebrated case that all the papers were full of—you know which one I mean—where that lawyer from San Francisco—I think it was San Francisco, though possibly it was New Orleans—yes, I guess it was New Orleans, because I always like that molasses that comes from there, best for gingerbread—don't you? If you put whipped cream on cold gingerbread it makes the nicest dessert, but we never can have it, for John hates whipped cream. I always think it's because he lived on a farm when he was a boy and they made him milk all those awful cows! If I had to milk a cow I'd simply die! I never took any stock in these pictures of milkmaids with rosy cheeks and nice white hands!"

"That reminds me, Alice wrote me that her husband has just finished a

picture that some millionaire has paid thousands for—and I can't believe it! Why, I knew Alice's husband in school and he was positively the stupidest boy in the class. It's wonderful how he does it, with paints and colors so high because of the war, but then you never can tell.

"However, since I've been studying the book John spoke of I can notice the most wonderful results, even though I don't understand much of the book. I suppose just the atmosphere of it helps. All I have to do is decide what I want to say and then, without any fuss or elaboration, just say it! You can't imagine how perfectly easy it is!"

"Well," said the only listener who had recovered her tongue, "it certainly is wonderful!"—*From the Chicago Daily News.*

New Books Received

THE HUMAN WORTH OF RIGOROUS THINKING, by Cassius J. Keyser, Ph. D., LL. D. New York: Columbia University Press.

Fifteen essays and addresses by the professor of Mathematics at Columbia University. The poetry, romance and philosophy of figures. Exceptionally commendable in the matter of lucidity. Mathematics carried to a demonstration of the larger religious truths.

STRAIGHT AMERICA by Frances A. Kellar. New York: MacMillan & Co.; 50c.

A woman's view of what is the matter with America and a constructive answer. "Of the 'Our National Problems' series."

THROUGH RUSSIAN CENTRAL ASIA by Stephen Graham. New York: MacMillan & Co.; \$2.25.

The record of a journey through Russia the summer before the great war; a sympathetic interpretation of the people and the country. Illustrated with excellent plates made from photographs.

BLOW THE MAN DOWN by Holman Day. New York: Harper & Bros.; \$1.35.

A novel of the Maine coast and of the sea, with laughter and tears and love and treachery, and pursuit of fortune to keep it interesting.

Marts and Money

They still have a doubtful and monotonous market on the New York Exchange. The professional fellows have exclusive charge of things in every important quarter. They find it a futile task to interest the public in their goods or their promises. There's little or no significance in fluctuations, though they are invariably attended by alluring rumors of some kind or other. "A rotten state of affairs," ejaculates the broker, in his occasional fits of frankness, and his customers solemnly nod approval. In the other corner of the room, the wily old trader cracks a little smile, and voices the belief that "there's something hanging over the market."

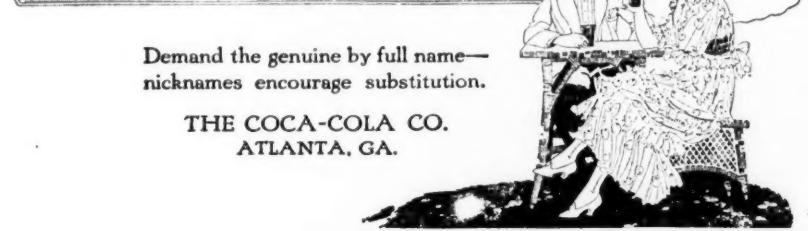
And then he adds: "The little improvement in the money situation doesn't seem to help things to any extent. Who really cares for the jumps of three or four points in the quotations for this, that, or the other industrial or mining stock? They're the results of covering or juggling. Get me? What I would like to see is a steady and substantial turn for the better in the values of stocks that are worth buying, such as American Telephone, Atchison common, Great Northern, Illinois Central, Northern Pacific, Pennsylvania, and Union Pacific. Nothing doing in them, that I can see. They've been hanging around their present levels for several months, and that in spite of truly wonderful im-

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fine effects of general prosperity. In some directions, prosperity may prove a grave disease by and by. It has done that before. There are two sides to everything. You get me, don't you? Gold imports, did you say? They're a big item, sure enough. Amount to over \$200,000,000 so far in 1916, and to \$600,000,000 since the outbreak of the war. During the same time, we have dug up \$190,000,000 in our own mines. Nearly \$800,000,000 in all, in less than two years. But the financiers are not really happy about it, are they? While they point with pride to the tremendous yellow pile, they view with alarm the possibility or probability that \$400,000,000 of it may have to be shipped to Europe after the close of the war. The latter danger is now drawing attention even at Washington. Mr. Paul Warburg, of the Federal Reserve Board, had a deal to say about it recently. He argued for a financial preparedness campaign on a national scale. All the gold in the country to be turned over to the Federal Treasury, or something of that sort.

"In this morning's paper I find a dispatch from Washington in which Frank A. Vanderlip, President of the National City Bank, of New York, is credited with words indicating that he views the future with anything but unqualified optimism. Let me read the paragraph to you: 'After the war, we will find all Europe depleted of its gold, staggering under a weight of inflated bank and government paper, and under the direct stress to rebuild its stock of gold. The point of attack will be our gold reserve. The methods will be every means known to trade and commerce by which merchandise, securities, and credits can be exchanged for gold.' Get

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the idea? Vanderlip and his crowd believe that the colossal fabric of credit reared in the United States in the past two years is supported, to a considerable extent, by the hundreds of millions of gold received from Europe, and that important withdrawals of basic metal after ratification of a peace treaty must have a highly hurtful effect on the economic life of the American people.

"It may turn out, eventually, that our Nation's capacity to retain gold will prove superior to Europe's capacity to attract it. There are a few points in favor of this contention, such as poor credit, greatly reduced holdings of American securities, and badly crippled productive power on the other side of the Atlantic. Let's not forget, in this connection, that New York is the foremost financial center of the world, and that it is in position, therefore, to regulate the movements of capital and rates of exchange in its favor whenever circumstances should call for such precautionary tactics, and that the Federal Reserve Board is able to render efficient aid in time of special stress.

"Another prominent banker declared, the other day, that economic foundations are crumbling away in the warring countries. If that is the case, fears of heavy exports of gold from the United States would not appear well-grounded. In order to secure large amounts of gold, or capital, a country must possess good credit. Abstruse calculations, eh? Well, they should become quite familiar in the next two years. For the present, it is sufficiently plain that the powers of finance are not altogether in a complacent mood, and that their doubts and misgivings find reflection in the stock market's daily movements. This quite accounts for the growing indifference to encouraging reports from corporations, dividend increases, unprecedented bank clearings, and unique foreign trade returns.

"Careful thought is bestowed, also, upon disquieting news from spring wheat and corn districts. The former, it is said, are ravaged by 'black rust'; the latter, by drought. The rise in grain prices is disliked by Wall Street 'bulls,' who remember the antique saying that high prices for cereals mean low prices for stocks. Of course, there may be much exaggeration in these tales of crop damage; there most always is. Let me assure you that for a while to come it will be advisable to go slow and to do some watchful waiting. Maybe prices will not decline to any marked extent. The big bankers may be resolved to maintain them at or near their ruling notches some months longer. Considerable readjustment in values already has taken place. But there are no prospects of a strong upward movement in the near future. Coming events cast their shadows before. The whole financial world is in a state of suspense, and pondering the problems of the drastic readjustment in economic affairs that the end of the war will make inevitable. That's all."

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Finance in St. Louis.

It was a typical midsummer market in St. Louis. Business was small in all but a few cases. The quotation for National Candy common—the leading

speculative favorite for a day or two—advanced a point. The buying seemed to be of the hit-or-miss variety; there were no intelligent explanations for it. Nothing was done in the first and second preferred shares of the company, which pay 7 per cent per annum, and are fairly attractive purchases at quoted prices. Some stock of the Union Sand & Material Co. brought 76.50. Five General Roofing preferred were disposed of at 100, and fifty Independent Breweries first preferred at 26.

The demand for certificates of banks and trust companies showed a little improvement. Five Mississippi Valley Trust were transferred at 292.50; seven Title Guaranty Trust at 110; fifty Third National at 232.50, and two Merchants-Laclede National at 285. The quotation for Bank of Commerce was maintained at the previous level.

United Railways 4s were steady, with sales of about \$8,000 at 63—an unchanged figure. Thirty shares of the common were taken at 4.50, a price denoting no noteworthy recovery. Offerings of the preferred are not at all bulky at or around the present bid figure of 16.25. One thousand dollars St. Louis & Suburban general 5s changed hands at 76.50.

Drafts on New York still are quoted at a discount at local financial establishments. Charges for loans remain unaltered. There is plenty of money, bankers declare, for the requirements of the principal crop-moving season, which will begin three or four weeks from now.

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Latest Quotations.

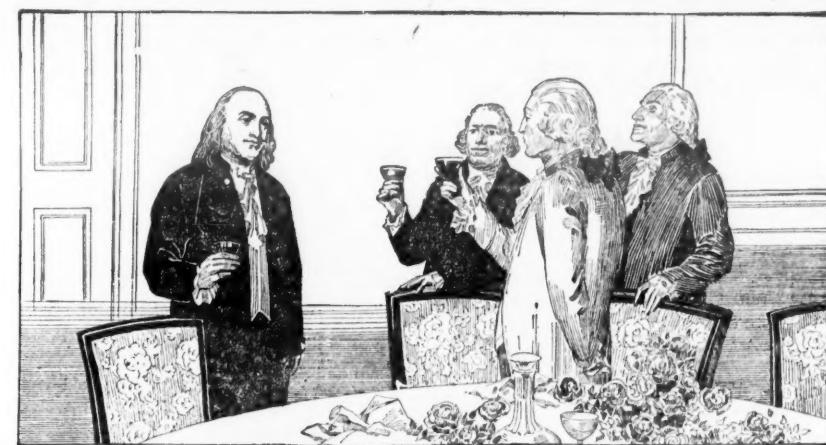
	Bid.	Asked.
German-American Bank.	201	
Mechanics-Am. National.		252
Nat. Bank of Commerce.	108	109
State National Bank.	200	
Miss. Valley Trust.		295
United Railways com.	5	5 1/4
do pfd.	18 5/8	19 1/2
do 4s	62 1/4	62 3/4
Broadway 4 1/2s		98 1/2
Compton Heights 5s	100 1/4	
Ohio State Tel. com.	40	42
Int. Shoe com.		97 1/2
do pfd.	109	110 1/2
Granite Bi-Metallic	60	65
American Bakery 6s.	100	
Ind. Brew. 1st pfd.	25 1/2	
do 6s	62	
National Candy com.	9	
National Enam. com.	22	
Wagner Electric	250	

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Answers to Inquiries.

INVESTOR, St. Louis.—The decline of eight points in the value of New York Central stock in recent months was in sympathy, for the most part, with like movements in other representative quarters. To some extent, it seemed reflective of modified hopes in regard to a higher dividend rate. There yet is a probability, though, that the yearly amount may be raised from \$5 to \$6 in the next six months. The gross and net earnings continue strikingly good. If the rate is fixed at 6 per cent, the stock's quotation might be raised to your level—109 3/4—if general conditions continue satisfactory.

H. F. L., Racine, Wis.—Chicago Great Western preferred is supposed to be on a 4 per cent dividend basis. The current price of 36 indicates that there is considerable skepticism as to the rate's stability. Obviously, the stock is essentially speculative at present, and material improvement in its price will be dependent upon the property's ability to report additional growth in earnings. If Wall Street's market moves upward



"FRAMERS OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE U.S.A." NO. 5

Benjamin Franklin—"Father of American Diplomacy"

AMERICA has never produced a greater statesman than Franklin, who was revered by the people second only to Washington. He was a signer of both the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States, and his wisdom made the latter a possibility. The great Lord Chatham pronounced him not only an honor to the Anglo-Saxon people, but to human nature. In every capitol of Europe he was a welcome guest, and he it was who induced France to lend us ships, men and money during the darkest days of the Revolution. Upon his death Congress ordered a general mourning of a month. In France it was decreed that all members of the national assembly should wear mourning for three days. So long as Americans treasure the Republic and Personal Liberty as the noblest of all human blessings, the fame of Franklin can never perish. Personally he was possessed of robust health; he was a well-shaped man, of a wise but merry nature; he had the head of a Greek philosopher, while his grace, his noble

bearing and winning personality made him a conspicuous figure in any assemblage of great men. He was a moderate user all his lifetime of Old Madeira and barley-malt brews. It is safe to say that he toasted the New Republic with every great man of Europe and America. Franklin considered his work in building the Constitution his greatest service to posterity. Upon the self-evident declaration of the Constitution of the United States Anheuser-Busch 58 years ago launched their gigantic institution. To-day, wherever Americans go for health, or business, or pleasure, their famed brand BUDWEISER is there. Its popularity, due to its quality, purity, mildness and exquisite flavor, has daily grown in public favor until 7500 people are constantly employed to keep pace with the ever-increasing demand.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH
ST. LOUIS, U.S.A.



The Beer for the Home,
Hotel, Club and Cafe

Budweiser

Means Moderation

again in the next few months, Great Western preferred might be raised to 50 or 55. It's really astonishing that it has not yet been taken in hand by a bold coterie of manipulators.

LONG, Cape Girardeau, Mo.—The common stock of the Holly Sugar Co. may develop into an investment proposition two or three years hence. For the time being, it is mostly speculative. At 50, the temptation to buy does not appear irresistible. The 7 per cent on the preferred is considered safe. It is likely to turn out, by and by, that Wall Street took too much for granted on the optimistic side of the sugar trade in 1916.

DOCTOR, Jerseyville, Ill.—American Telephone, an 8 per cent stock, is not too dear at 129, in view of the company's sound financial position. The narrowness of fluctuations in the past six months indicates increasing absorption by investors. You might have a chance to buy at 126 or 125 before the close of 1916.

A Hot Pastor

A Methodist minister once started a church in a young Western town, but for want of pecuniary support was soon obliged to abandon it. His farewell sermon to the lukewarm brethren was characterized by more heat than elegance. He ended thus: "At the last day the Lord will say to St. Peter, 'Where is your flock?' and St. Peter will answer, 'Here, Lord.' He will say to Calvin, 'And where are your sheep?' and Calvin will reply, 'Here, Lord,' and so all of the shepherds can answer. But when He asks me, 'Where are your sheep?' how will you feel when I am compelled to reply, 'Lord, I haven't any; mine were all hogs'?"

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"Doesn't that girl over there look like Helen Brown?" "I don't call that dress brown."—Yale Record.

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When passing behind a street car look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.

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After 6 P. M., 10c.

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AT THE HIGHLANDS

FOREST PARK HIGHLANDS

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ALL STAR VAUDEVILLE

DAILY MATINEES. Dancing on the Roof Garden Every Evening and Sunday afternoon. Three Daily Concerts by Prof. Lemke's Marine Band.

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"The Cottage"—Popular Priced Restaurant. Giant Captive Balloon, Mountain Ride, Racer Dips, Miniature Railway, Aerial Swing and many others. Fun and amusement for young and old. Come out this afternoon or evening and join the happy crowds. Free gate until 6 o'clock. Reserved seats for vaudeville theater on sale at Grand-Leader.

DELMAR &



HAMILTON

Monday, July 31:
Park Opera Company in

"The Bohemian Girl"

Now Playing:

"THE FIREFLY"

With Florence Mackie as "Nina"

SHENANDOAH

Grand and Shenandoah.

SUMMER SEASON OF PICTURES

Wed., July 26, Anita Stewart in

"THE SUSPECT"

Thurs. & Fri., Gail Kane in

"PAYING THE PRICE"

Saturday, Florence Turner in

"DOORSTEPS"

Eves., 7:15 & 9; Mats., Sat. & Sun.,

2:30. ALL SEATS TEN CENTS

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When to go | **This Summer**
How to go

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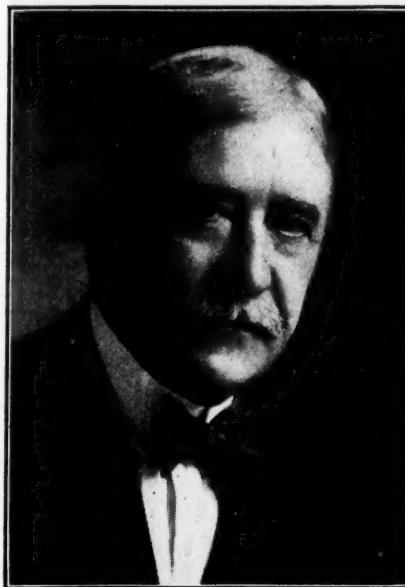
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Public Administrator



Jas. P. Newell was born in St. Louis 58 years ago, and he has always been a useful and public-spirited citizen.

Newell is the present Public Administrator, now serving in his fourth year. He was elected by 15,000 plurality, and is now a candidate for re-election to the office of Public Administrator, subject to the Democratic Primary, August 1, 1916.

Newell can well point with pride to the efficient and thoroughly satisfactory manner which the office of Public Administrator has been conducted for the past four years, due to his faithful devotion to his duties and his untiring energies in behalf of the Public. All St. Louis is praising him for the way he has conducted his office.

A vote for Jas. P. Newell will mean, to you, one step forward toward a clean and honest government for our city.

BASEBALL

TODAY
Sportsman's Park

BROWNS vs. PHILADELPHIA

JULY 27, 28

BROWNS vs. NEW YORK
JULY 29, 30, AUGUST 1

GAME STARTS AT 3:30

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